Charles I, King of G.B. 41 [Appendix - Elegies]

THE Royal Martyr.

OR, A

POEM

ON THE

MARTYRDOM

OF

King *CHARLES* I.

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THE
Royal MARTYR.

YE ſacred Muſes! now inſpire my Quill,
That it with Truth and Juſtice may fulfil
The mighty Task that it hath undertook,
A Scheme to frame, wherein the World may look,
And there behold that great and woful Sin,
Which our Fore-fathers have involv'd us in;
But above all, thoſe dire and hated Crimes,
That acted were at ſeparate Place and Times.
Bleſt CHARLES! his Cauſe does loud for Vengeance call
Upon thoſe People, nay, upon us all,

Unleſs we do his righteous Counſel take,
And by our Penitence our Sins forſake ;
(Although he did when on the Scaffold pray
That God would not this Sin unto us lay)
We muſt not think Mercy will be our Lot,
Or this great Sin will ever be forgot.

Let us review th' Original of their Sin,
And at his Sufferings let us now begin,
Which was produc'd by a C—— Parliament,
Hatch'd up in Hell, and purpoſely was ſent
To rob, to ſpoil, and murder th' Innocent.

HIS
TRYAL

I Him preſent before a ſinful Crew,
As *Thomlinſon*, *Cook*, *Hugh Peters* and *Carew*,
Who with ſome others, they themſelves did call
Great Judges of High-Court in Juſtice-Hall.
Poor Wretches, they thought 'twas a glorious thing
To ſit as Judges, and to judge their King,
Nay, and condemn him too, which was far worſe,
And brought us under a moſt heavy Curſe.
But hark to hear, what I tremble to write,
Theſe daring Wretches their own King indite
In a long Form, in harſh and cruel Words,
Juſt ſuch as ſavage Nature's ſelf affords;
They ſtick not to abuſe his gentle Nature
With Names of Murd'rer, Tyrant and a Traytor.
Impious of Wretches! nothing did they fear
But boldly ſtile him their vile Priſoner.

After they had him oft before them brought,
(Before thoſe Tyrants of *Injuſtice-Court*)
They then proceed their Sentence for to give,
That this their Sovereign was not fit to live.
Upriſeth *Bradſhaw*, and impiouſly he ſaid,
That he ſhould be deprived of his Head.
This bloody Sentence quickly was obey'd,
And in three Days he was to Execution led.

Being arriv'd at that ſad fatal Place,
He turn'd about, and with a chearful Grace,
Unto the throng'd Spectators little ſaid,
But for his Enemies in general pray'd,
That this great Sin might not on them be laid.
His Royal Neck he humbled to the Block,
And willingly ſubmitted to the Stroke,
Knowing 'twas for his Glory and Renown,
To change an earthly for an heav'nly Crown.

Had all those Wretches who their King betray'd
A publick Terror to the World been made,
'Twou'd been a Warning to Posterity
From ever injuring Sacred Royalty.

FINIS.

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